

The Brethren Evangelist

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TERMS

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1. Write with pen and ink, and on one side of the paper only.
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3. Be brief—write, and rewrite, boil down, say as much as you can in as few words as possible.
4. In ordering change of address, give the old as well as the new address in full.

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Publishers' Department

We call the special attention of our readers to the following announcements:

The Quarterly

The Quarterlies for the first quarter of 1899, January-March, have been ready for more than a week, and we are prepared to fill all orders promptly. The lessons for the quarter are studies in the Gospel of John.

The Annual

We have already called attention to the Annual and given its contents. It has been ready for more than two weeks, and all orders to date have been filled. The price is ten cents each, or \$1.00 per dozen. Do not fail to get this Annual.

Our Premium Offers

The premiums formerly offered for renewals are withdrawn, and the following substituted: If you will send us \$1.50 for the renewal of your subscription so as to reach us on or before December 24, we will send you free of charge any one of the fifty-seven books you may select or the Brethren Annual for 1899. This offer must be accepted at once as after that date all premiums for renewals will be withdrawn.

The premiums for new subscriptions are continued indefinitely. Please preserve last week's paper for reference. Are any of our societies or Sunday schools working for the fifty-seven books, or any other of the books offered for new subscriptions? Begin the canvass at once, and get these books. Also note our offer "In His Steps," illustrated edition, on page 16. Perhaps you would like to earn your own paper. For three new subscriptions we will send you the paper free one year. We have also added another Bible to the list of premiums, style A, leather-lined, large type, better than any previously offered. Given for three new subscriptions.

The population of Russia has increased in a remarkable degree within the last forty years, going from 67,000,000 in 1857 to 130,000,000 in 1897. Should this ratio of increase continue Russia will have 150,000,000 people by 1910, and in a quarter of a century after that 200,000,000, and this number will become 300,000,000 by the close of the twentieth century.—Ex

BRETHREN EVANGELIST

Brief Notes

When we come to regard doing good as a privilege instead of a duty, we immediately pass from the imaginary to the real article.

An old Scotch woman, when advised by her minister to take snuff to keep herself awake during the sermon, replied: "Why dinna ye put the snuff in the sermon, mon?" That woman had the right idea as to the eternal fitness of things. A little more life, a little more of the Holy Spirit and a little more of Christ in the sermon, will do more to keep people awake than all the "snuff" they can find room for in their nostrils.

It is said that what a man wants after he gets everything is more, and this expresses a notable trait of human nature. An Indian was asked to make three wishes. His first wish was that the Mississippi river was rum; his second wish was that the banks were white sugar; his third was,—more rum. Scratch any ordinary money grubber in our supposed civilization, and you find the twin brother of this Indian.

Out in Missouri a man was fined \$20 for beating his mule, and the next day was brought up for whaling his wife and fined \$2. Mules are Missouri's leading product, and the justice of that State does not propose to have its valuable property deteriorated by maltreatment. As to women, the Missouri platform seems to be the same as that of the Swede who started out to get a license, and having been sent by mistake to the office where the dog licenses are issued explained the matter thus: "Aye cain't afford to keep a dog yet, Aye only vant to get a voman."

Preachers may sometimes preach good sermons on Sunday and unpreach them during the week, which reminds us of the juvenile problem in mathematics,—how long would it take a snail to climb out of a thirty foot well if he gained ten inches during the day and slipped back nine every night. Hang on, brother, by teeth and toe nails at the very last inch of your Sunday elevation, and you will have an elegant starting point for your next Sunday's work. The mental bow should be unbent, but the moral bow never.

It is related that a witness in the United States Court at Lexington the other day fell asleep and snored while waiting to be called on for his testimony. Being aroused from his slumbers he protested and got sent to jail for the disturbance. That man should have known better than to fall asleep in so important a place as a court room. He must be an attendant at church services where it is safe to slumber, where there are no penalties of imprisonment, and where the slumberer is undisturbed (except so far as the choir may disturb him) until the program is ended.

It is not indicative of mental or moral weakness to confess past follies, tho our sensitive self esteem shrinks from the exercise of this salutary virtue. Such confession may more certainly be the profession of present wisdom; but we should be careful in our estimate of the man who is profuse in the confession of rather small faults. He may be only disguising great ones. Honest confession is a scriptural duty, perhaps the most neglected of all, and this neglect is a pointer toward a very far retrogression from that apostolic holiness and humility involved in the true religious life.

We read of people who have a genius for writing, or a genius for music, or a genius for oratory, or a genius for mathematics, or a genius for business, but it is rare that we hear any one spoken of as having a genius for doing good. Someone has said that genius is an unusual capacity for work, or an unusual capacity for details. We understand how men and women can be diligent, systematic, effective, brilliant in ordinary matters, for self interest and ambition constantly spur them on. Continuity of strenuous thought and action is the genesis of genius, but practical goodness, which is founded in benevolence, is sporadic and intermittent. Here and there now and then we work at it, but in

numerous cases where better things might be expected we are like the fellow who said he was a Methodist, but hadn't been running it very much lately.

Some one has well said that "the things which are crowded out of a life are the test of that life." The idea is that we allow those things to be crowded out which we least love. When you hear a man say that he has no time for reading, that he is too busy to spend a half hour with his Bible, or fifteen minutes at family prayer, when he cannot attend the inconvenient meeting because it takes so much of his time; when the young man suffers this study or that pursuit, or the cultivation of a special talent, to be crowded out, it is good evidence from first to last that he has no relish for these things. People generally find time for the things which they most keenly relish, yea, they waste time on these things, many of which are either comparatively or entirely worthless. Self indulgent selection is the genesis of the common-place. If you would rise above the crowd, and win success in life, let nothing that is needful be crowded out.

Church News

Additional

Roann Snap-Shots

We closed another short series of meetings at this place on Dec. 3rd. Immediate result, four accessions by baptism. This makes between fifty and sixty accessions at this place within a year. The year has been one of constant revival and rejoicing.

Our attendance at this place is large in all services of whatever nature. But like a better place, "Yet, there is room."

Brother William Miller gave us a short call yesterday. Come again, brother. We enjoy the associations of brethren who are in earnest in the work. We have no faith in these velvet-tongued ear ticklers that are the curse of the pulpit today. "Young men, pull the velvet out of your mouths."

Brother Zook, a time worn pillar of the church is very low at this writing with consumption. "Louie, I'm not afraid, but am ready to go. I have tried to do my duty. I leave the rest with Christ."—Promise: "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out."

The other day I picked up a big rosy apple out of a dish and bit into it. Bah! Maggots and corruption. The other night I preached a sermon, and bit into a rosy apple out in the pew. Bah! "Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whitened sepulchers, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness."

At the close of my first year I wrote on a receipt, "Salary paid in full for year '97-'98," and handed it to the church treasurer. We never run a dry-good's shop, nor a soup shop, nor a bazaar, nor an ice-cream parlor, nor a lecture hall, nor a side-show, and yet the preacher got the last cent due him. Strange, isn't it? O, yes! And we gave our church a coat of beautiful paper and gave cash liberally toward a number of good causes, and sent boxes of cheer to Chicago, and squared up with the Publishing house, and gave \$100 to the College, etc. We're